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IN THIS ISSUE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

Reviews "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom" by T. E. Lawrence

SAMUEL PUTNAM

Reviews "The World from Below" by Jules Romains

ALVAH C. BESSIE

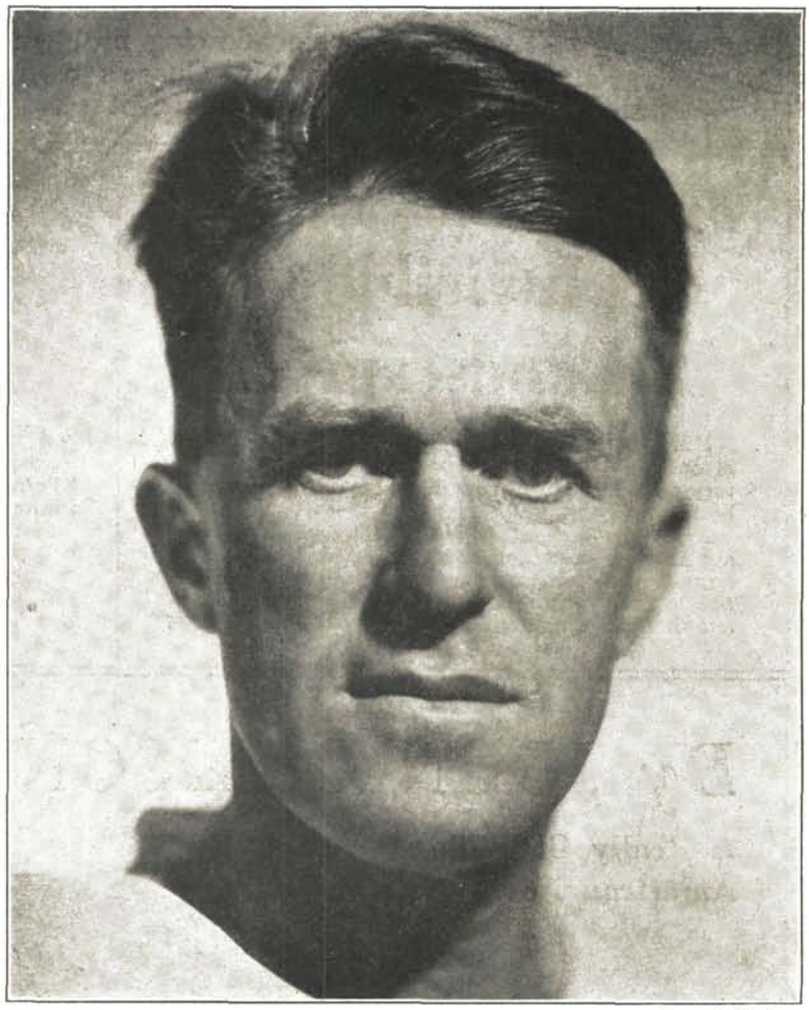
Reviews "They Shall Inherit the Earth" by Morley Callaghan

FRANK H. SIMONDS

Reviews "The War Memories of Robert Lansing"

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

College Highway



Howard Coster

T. E. LAWRENCE

"I starved in 1922: and don't want to repeat!"—
From an unpublished letter of T. E. Lawrence . . .
(See page 14)

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The Last Great Puritan

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

OTHERS will write of Lawrence and his book* in its terms of military triumph. They will describe the Arab revolt, how it smouldered in Mecca, how it was conceived in alien minds as a new weapon in the Great War, how Lawrence nursed it, until his Arab irregulars became the distant wing of an international army conquering Palestine, breaking Turkey, making the end of the war inevitable. This famous victory has already been discussed in lengthy books, and the character of Colonel Lawrence as a military leader has become a text for new schools of military thought. It is not necessary to traverse this well-traveled road again. I wish to study "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom" as a book not as a war history, one of the few unique books written in English in our time. And I trust I will not be accused of bad perspective or lack of interest if in this review, necessarily short for so much matter, I pass over the brilliant episodes of guerilla combat, the incisive Arab portraits, the sweep of a difficult war, in order to search for the quality that makes "The Seven Pillars" more than a record of adventure, more than first-hand historical evidence, much more than first-rate description and narrative that when it runs clear is also first-rate. "More," not "better" in any absolute sense. Caesar's Gallic Wars is a much shrewder presentation of a campaign than Lawrence's memoir; but it stops there. There is very little Caesar in the Gallic Wars. Lawrence, like Gibbon and Burton and Bunyan, has put himself into his book.

TURK TROOPS BOMBED IN WADI FARA
Drawing by Sydney W. Casline. From "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom."

If "The Seven Pillars" seems to me a description and sometimes a manifestation of a genius, it nevertheless is far from being a masterpiece of composition. It is definitely a disorderly book, in which it is like many of those vital books of the seventeenth century which most resemble it. The reader would be well advised to go over Lawrence's own outline before he begins, and then to skip judiciously, although he will return later to his omissions. It is a book badly compounded from notes of activity—bombings, charges, strategies, perils in scouting, intrigues, and sometimes most humorous politics—and passages of self-criticism, racial philosophy, and analysis of motives carried far beyond Arabia. As a story of a campaign and its characters, the abridgment hitherto published and called "Revolt in the Desert," is much more coherent than this narrative—just as a map of a scene is much more understandable than a picture. Nor is the style satisfactory. Sometimes it is negligent, often tortured, seldom does it run smooth for more than a page. Lawrence was quite right in deprecating his skill as a writer; quite right also in knowing that at his best he was superb, as his toil and sacrifice in thrice writing this book, and seeing it into print at ruinous cost proves, at least to me.

He was an amateur in writing and an amateur in war, and a genius in both. "It was a hard task for me to straddle feeling and action," he says in a key passage.

"I had one craving all my life—for the power of self-expression in some imaginative form—but had been too diffuse ever to acquire a technique. At last accident, with perverted humor, in casting me as a man of action, had given me place in the Arab Revolt, a theme ready and epic to a direct eye and hand, thus offering me an outlet in literature—the technique-less art. Whereupon I became excited only over mechanism. The epic mode was alien to me, as to my generation."

In other words, having been given by accident materials which needed only expression, he could not use them as an epic story because to his skeptic eye neither himself nor the Arab nor the revolt was really heroic. The fallacy in this statement designates the amateur in Lawrence. Literature is the opposite of technique-less. When his opportunity came he had a fiery prose at his hand and a stocked imagination to express in it, but lacked precisely that art of composition which would have made of "The Seven Pillars" a classic book to satisfy all the formalists of literature. But it was just because his life-long need for self-expression found its opportunity in the record of heroic things that to him were not heroic, not epic, but sham and illusion and moral distress, that "The Seven Pillars," in spite of its many faults, is clearly one of the outstanding English books that invite no comparison even with each other because they are unique. This will need some explaining.

The truth of the matter is that Colonel Lawrence was a Puritan, perhaps the last great English Puritan. (Mr. Santayana has just written a novel about the last American Puritan—a very different life, but in some respects a resemblant character.) It is this that marks him, that makes his genius so intensely English in its violent nonconformity; it is this which gives blood, as it is Arabia that gives flesh and bones, to his book.

I find a curious but natural resemblance between the self-torturings of the triumphant Cromwell as John Buchan reports him and Lawrence's confessions of conscience. Both men were supremely suc-

(*Continued on next* page)

Next Week

FALL ANNOUNCEMENT NUMBER

* *THE SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM: A TRIUMPH. By T. E. Lawrence. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co.* 1935. $5.

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cessful in the organizing of energy; both were tormented by self-doubt when success was in their grasp; both were ill content with the judgment of their fellows. Lawrence was a perfectionist. He says that he never gave himself easily in friendship, because talk of trivial things always offended his sense that it was degrading enough to possess a body without dwellings on its failings. "There was a special attraction" for him "in beginnings" because he hoped always in every fresh contact to satisfy his deep need for the perfect experience in which he could express and realize himself. He was profoundly skeptical of everyone, and most of all of his own great talents which yawed "rudderless" at the behest of others, because, seeking a leader, he never found one in whom his perfectionist will could entirely trust. "Allenby came nearest to my longings for a master, but I had to avoid him, not daring to bow down for fear lest he show feet of clay." The Arabs he loved and admired, chiefly, I think, because of their religion, which he discusses so brilliantly in the second chapter. They had separated utterly the need of God from the needs of the body. In the first they were as ruthless as Lawrence. It made trivial the choice between life or death. But he could not follow them in their dualism. For him the world was "atomic," by which he meant moral. He liked "the things underneath" and took his pleasures and adventures downward, because there was a final safety in the degradation of bodily danger or misery for a man who could not be satisfied by any of the forms of worldly happiness or success. And at the same time this protestant dependence upon his own fastidious spirit and this Puritan will to govern circumstance gave him a fierce energy. "My brain was sudden and silent as a wild cat. . . . It was a real beast, and this book its mangy skin, dried, stuffed and set up squarely for men to stare at." Not so mangy, and by no means dry—this is but one of a thousand examples of his morbid self-depreciation, also Puritanical. And this fiery energy which is to be compared to the superhuman efforts of a man caught in a blazing house (the fire of his own soul), is the motive force of the immense and incredibly hazardous enterprises recorded in this book.

> For years we lived anyhow with one another in the naked desert, under the indifferent heaven. By day the hot sun fermented us; and we were dizzied by the beating wind. At night we were stained by dew, and shamed into pettiness by the innumerable silences of stars. We were a self-centred army without parade or gesture, devoted to freedom, the second of man's creeds, a purpose so ravenous that it devoured all our strength, a hope so transcendent that our earlier ambitions faded in its glare. . . . Blood was always on our hands: we were licensed to it. Wounding and killing seemed ephemeral pains, so very brief and sore was life with us. . . . We lived for the day and died for it.

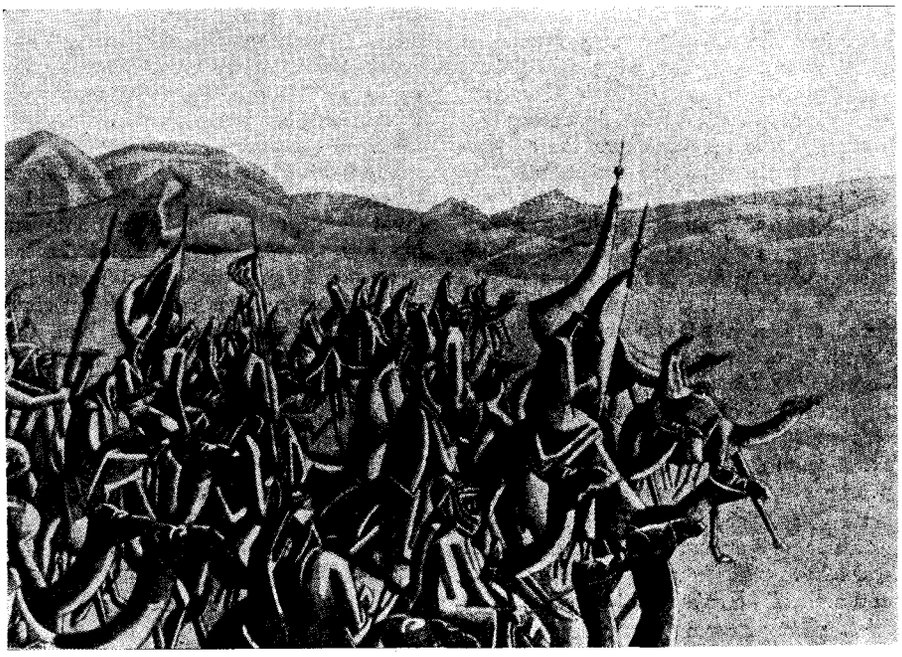
And all this, though not in itself moral, was an outpouring from that moral energy which exceeds all others. Skeptic as he was, Lawrence never lost faith in the supremacy of the moral determinant. He believed it to be behind courage, behind character, behind destiny. If "The Seven Pillars" is, among other things, an extraordinary gallery of portraits of men, this is because its author in addition to his gift for vivid description, saw every Arab, Turk, Englishman in his book, from the tumultuous Auda to the shepherd boy caught by the raiders and knowing only his duty to his sheep, as a mind and body driven by the moral tensity which lies somewhere in all of us. In particular, he so viewed himself, "this furnace in my brain," which, since he could not approve of his own desire for action he lent to the ideas of other men.

All this, to readers of seventeenth century English, must seem a familiar picture. Abstract the theology, extend the horizon, of those great Puritans who wrestled with God, and you have fellow minds to Lawrence who wrestled with his conscience. The religion is different, the moral philosophy extraordinarily like, the bursts of intense energy wreaking itself upon words or upon practical achievement, or upon both, almost identical. Lawrence is far closer to Jonathan Edwards, to George Fox, to Roger Williams, to Milton, to Cromwell, than to Beaverbrook, Lloyd-George, Robert Cecil, or to Wilson who was the Puritan perfectionist freed from the inhibitions and the safeguards of self-criticism.

It is possible now to see why Lawrence's career and Lawrence's book are both extraordinary. This guarded flame of will, this tool seeking a master, is released by the Arab Revolt, a surge toward personal freedom by men whose wills were as ruthless as Lawrence's own. And at the same time it was such a revolution as Cromwell led in England, designed to turn the scales of empire, end a war, bring a world peace, and thus be an enterprise of such scope and difficulty as alone could satisfy the frustrated perfectionist who dashed his head in vain against the wall of his own personality.

By chance Lawrence was the man for the opportunity. Already deeply experienced in the East, a master of language and custom, he was a passionate student of military history, and as confident of his own genius as he was uncertain of his right to use it.

And so he enters upon a great make-believe, a deception of others, and a self-deception encouraged by fatigue, danger, incessant planning—the man of action leading the man of morbid self-scrutiny against his better judgment. He knows that he is bound to betray the Arabs by the very energy he puts into their cause. He knows that they are being used for alien purposes of victory for nations of the West and will be let down in the end. And even in this victory, which he desires, he has no faith as an absolute good. He knows that his triumph will satisfy neither his Arabs nor his own conscience, which holds as its central tenet that only a moral success is viable for humanity. And the clash and conflict of skepticism, need for self-expression, and the momentum of great opportunity, reverberate in the tireless energy, the exploit after exploit of the book, and most of all in the uncanny insight of this man whose mind



CAMEL MARCH. *From "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom."*

(*Continued on page* 14)

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The Sibyl Decade

THE WORLD FROM BELOW. By Jules Romains. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by SAMUEL PUTNAM

WE know well that the novelist's function is not to preach; it is not for him to provide us with a tract or a sociological treatise. But there are some of us, none the less, who believe that if his work is to have any abiding significance, it must be possessed —its author must be possessed—of a sense of, a feeling for, *direction.* There is a meaning in every era, and while that meaning is not to be shouted at the reader, it must in any event transpire, be discoverable. Which is to say, the social novelist takes upon himself something more than the task of giving us a slice of life, or even so large a number of compounded *tranches de vie* that the result may appear a self-evident epos.

To such a test Jules Romains, in his "Men of Good Will" series, must be subjected. It is too early as yet for a final judgment on his work; the evidence is not yet in, but it is accumulating rapidly, and Romains is approaching that test which any novelist of his kind cannot avoid facing. In other words, we are soon to know whether or not he has that profound social mastery of his material which the field that he has preëmpted demands. Until that time, it may be as well to be a bit guarded in our talk of "masterpiece" and "epic," remembering that neither one nor the other has anything to do with the number of pages or volumes.

The present volume, fourth in the English series, following "Men of Good Will," "Passion's Pilgrims," and "The Proud and the Meek," is a translation of volumes VII and VIII in the French, entitled respectively "Recherche d'une Eglise" and "Province." It brings the tale down to the significant year, 1910; but it is as the yet more significant 1912 and 1914 draw near that we shall have an opportunity to gauge the real depth of the work and the novelist's success or lack of success in the tremendously difficult task he has essayed. There is, for instance, a sense in which the International Socialist Congress of Basle, in 1912, held in a Catholic cathedral with pealing bells to summon the delegates, may be said to mark the humiliating crash of that spurious international-pacifistic-what-not idealism which not only let down the bars to a European slaughter, but which rendered such a denouement unavoidable. From the moment that the Bells of Basle (to quote the title of Louis Aragon's recent novel) ceased pealing down to August, 1914, the curtain might have risen at almost any moment.

In the first of the two novels given in this volume, the "Hunt for a Church" as it is called in the French, "The Lonely" in English, Romains is dealing with that same blindly groping, when not downright false, idealism which came to an ignominious end at Basle. The comparison with Aragon is, accordingly, more or less inevitable, and is one which the American reader will soon have an opportunity of making for himself, inasmuch as "Les Cloches de Bâle" is being brought out by a New York publisher.

The word "church" in Romains is employed metaphorically, to imply a near-religious sense of solidarity with one's fellow men (the Unanimist creeping out); this is what "The Lonely" of 1910 are after, as an escape from their aloneness; and this quest of theirs is set over against that basic and passionate individualism which underlay the effort in social guise of the men of a preceding generation. "The Lonely" is chiefly concerned with Jerphanion's investigation of the bruited "secret doctrine" and utopian aims of French free-masonry; much of which will strike the American reader's ears as strange, if he does not realize or remember that free-masonry on the Continent, with its anti-clericalism and its socialistic jargon, is quite a different thing from the Occidental rite we know. The free-masons indulge in grand talk about "the gradual removal of injustice from the body of Society, and the destruction of national frontiers," etc. However, as one of them puts it, "all that's in the future . . . in the very distant future."

The author may have more to tell us later; but surely, it is not to be that free-masonry, one way or the other, had a vast deal to do with the tragic case. Then, why all the space, why the pompous approach to the subject? Is this bedrock social reality in a period so fraught with consequence to humankind?

The second novel included in the American volume, the "Provincial Interlude," deals with rural politics and the lives of French country gentlemen. It revolves about a business scandal involving the clergy; and while the portraiture is sharp enough, it is not exceptional; the thing has been done before and equally as well. Once again, it is hard not to feel that, even on an unusually large canvas, the proportions have not been properly kept. We are still no nearer than we were before to the meaning of that Sibyl Decade, a meaning which we must somehow contrive to grasp, if we are not to go on and perish utterly. The monkeyshines and the yet more stupid prattle of free-masonry, back-country squires and their political connivings, provincial clerics and their faux-pas: there must be something —something—a good deal deeper than this to be said. The question is, just when is M. Romains going to get around to saying it? We are still waiting for that "epic."

EDWIN LANHAM

When the West Began

THE WIND BLEW WEST. By Edwin Lanham. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1935. $2.50.

THE materials of American frontier history are so incredibly rich that the problem for the writer is not where to find his sources but how to handle them. In the rush to exploit them since the pioneer became what the critics call "significant," history, biography, saga, and fiction have been used with little consciousness as to where one stops and the other begins, so that sometimes one has to read half way through an American book before deciding what kind of belief to give it—belief in fact or belief in art. Does it matter? Very much, for there is nothing so collapsing to interest as to discover that what starts as a novel is really a biography, or a history at least one-half fiction.

Mr. Lanham is fortunate. He has a Western area that has not been overworked—Texas when the railroads were racing through it, making one town, shelving another. He has authentic covered-wagon pioneers, he has the last of the wild Indians (good ones too), and for the inner drama the final shakedown in which Puritanism and profit overtake the *mores* of the old Wild West. And he is fortunate also in realizing that it is too late just to tell what happened. The story, like the pioneer, must be "significant." His device is ingenious—a circular, mostly hot air and the future, describing the "Coming City of the Southwest"—finds its way north, south, east, and overseas, and sets moving westward a diverse set of individuals, diversely drawn by the rhetoric of the publicity man, headed for promise, and one after another adding a new human molecule with a different moral composition to the sprawling village that hopes to become a railroad metropolis.

His novel is expertly told. Amon Hall

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is its hero, the Prohibitionist lawyer, the go-getter with a conscience, who built up Rutherford and then ruined it because he could not compromise, and then saved his soul because he learned that life was more than law. But we think that it will be read with great interest and pleasure, not really for its plot, but because Mr. Lanham's ingenious scheme makes it possible to add so many excellent sideshows to the main tent, and all genuine material of the real West. There is Vidal the Frenchman with the expansionist imagination and the expansionist morality, and Satotan the renegade chief, whose raid, massacre, and trial is a compact saga of the conflict of two racial moralities, and Colonel Soward the romantic without whose like the West is unintelligible. And since all of them (even the Indian) are trying to make the "Coming City of the Southwest" serve their own purposes, they give the author an opportunity to bring in as part of his story everything interesting that could happen in a community where it was still questionable whether the chief ambition was to have a good brothel or a good church.

"The Wind Blew West" lacks the style and the rhythm of a great novel, but it is a very satisfying story; perhaps because, in spite of its authentic materials from history and its focus upon the biography of a town, it is *not* pioneer history, *not* someone's autobiography, but a story, a created, imagined story of the West that escapes from its sources and becomes real, much more real than the history of the Fort Worths or the Denvers. We should choose this book for reading about the Texan West because the author's craftsmanship makes us trust him. If this is not how a town was made in Texas, and what it was like in the making, it is a convincing imitation, which is high praise for fiction.

The Importance of Not Being Ernest

THEY SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH. By Morley Callaghan. New York: Random House. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALVAH C. BESSIE

MR. CALLAGHAN'S early work stemmed directly from the work and the creative attitude of Ernest Hemingway. His, too, was a "lean, athletic prose" that, rather than revealing emotion, effectively concealed whatever emotion might have been at the command of the writer. His characters, too, followed the same general lines as those of his mentor; they were largely inarticulate, unimaginative, in effect "dumb" people who gave the clues to their lives rather through their cryptic, commonplace remarks than through what they felt or what their creator chose to tell about them. This attitude, applied to this material, has ended, with its originator, in a dead-end; by dint of holding emotion "in check," Hemingway has ended by exploiting a sort of inverse sentimentalism; his prose, always crisp and dry, remains the same; his people have achieved no life more complex or revealing than the sometimes amusing antics of a set of behavioristic puppets.

Mr. Callaghan has shown that he can go further. For one thing, his medium—the selection of words and their arrangement in sentences—demonstrates a plasticity and a set of nuances that Hemingway never has achieved. He has an ear for the rhythms of the language; he has an ear for the everyday speech of living people; his characters possess three dimensions, and his handling of their problems is capable of moving the reader to something more valuable than a mild admiration for the dexterity with which they are handled.

MORLEY CALLAGHAN

"They Shall Inherit the Earth" is a novel distinctly of our own times; its people are recognizable, and they possess the animation of the living. Michael, engineer son of the wealthy advertising man Andrew Aikenhead, has broken with his father for two reasons: he wanted something more than the stultification of business life and the worship of the dollar; he retained a reverence for his mother that made it impossible and even obscene for him to acquiesce in life with his father, his stepmother, and her son by another marriage. There is a cleavage between these lives that it is impossible to bridge, and this cleavage is made understandable, important, and moving. In a moment of weakness—it was really that—he accepted an invitation to visit his father's summer home, and the issues that had polarized about the separate members of this family, were crystallized; from that moment on, they went their separate ways, changed in all respects.

This transition, in its narrative details, it would be unfair to the reader to reveal; a summary of it would sound artificial, but so thoroughly has Mr. Callaghan understood his people and so completely has he revealed them, that a situation which was vital in life becomes vital in fiction, and we see again the manifest difference between the artistry that can transmute the materials of living into an art-form, and the artistry that can merely make clever play with their externals. The problems of Michael—unemployment and its bitterness, his sense of guilt, his love; of Andrew Aikenhead, once firm in his self-esteem, but now broken by suspicion and the very bourgeois "virtues" that once helped maintain his self-esteem; of Anna, Michael's wife; of his sister Sheila and her doctor-husband Ross Hillquist, become the reader's problems, and they become also an index of the lives of many people of our time who are being increasingly faced by the same problems. Callaghan has continued from the point that Hemingway left off.

It Once Was Yours

By FRANCES FROST

YOU had the northwest wind: the steady blow
over the crusted hills under bitter sun—
the Adirondacks ledged with snow till April
and faintly streaked in June . . . and there was spring
coming with lilacs cold or blue; it smelled
of open earth, of brown and copper valleys
filling slowly with the ache of grass,
throbbing fiercely with the swollen buds
and rushing into richness while the sun
ripened along your fertile flesh.
And harvest
came for a day and there were crickets loud
in the severed and nibbled turf and the wading wind
colored the hills; the flex of your knees was strong,
your face was clear in the fields as the mountain water
and strange with peace by night.
A sudden winter
stalked in the earth; but your eyes that were sick for summer
remembered the long light on the leaning grass
as a deer remembers, looking at last on death,
cornered, his soft gaze dark in the flying snow.

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An American Tragedy

VACHEL LINDSAY: A Poet in America. By Edgar Lee Masters. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by HAZELTON SPENCER

MANY books will be written about Lindsay. There is his life simply as a story of success and failure, the boy off Main Street who heard the ranchers' children and the Oxford dons chant back his refrains, and killed himself when poverty and misunderstanding broke him. The mere chronicle of his physical activity, the names of the towns he slept in, would like Napoleon's fill a volume. Then there is his life as prophet of the non-existent America likewise proclaimed by Emerson and Whitman, which Lindsay announced no less boldly, though he had experienced these States more completely than either. There is also his inner life, for the reconstruction of which voluminous materials are available. There is his verse—the exquisite lyricism of a poet of the machine age who, says Mr. Lewisohn, "has kept the heart of a little child and has written the purest American poetry since Poe." There is also the poetry that is not naive, not purely lyric, but high-explosively serviceable for every agrarian revolt, labor-union advance, socialist or internationalist program, New-Freedom crusade, or New-Deal presidential campaign. There are the dance poetry and the children's poetry. There is the poetic source-book for the historian who will seek to understand the Mississippi Valley. There is, finally, the earliest and most influential figure in the renascence which gave our national literature the second of its great poetic epochs.

Not yet have we any right to expect that in one book account can be taken of all these factors. It is high praise to say that in this first biography an admirable beginning has been made. The book moves over a wide range and is full of acute generalizations that go far beyond the immediate subject. Nor is it likely ever to be wholly superseded. For Mr. Masters is himself a man of genius. He has written a sensitive and understanding, almost tender, book; but not one of adulation nor of sentimentality. He is aware of how often Lindsay failed to obtain requisite altitude and crashed a few lines after his take-off. But he also knows that every great artist is entitled to be judged, and in the long run is in fact inevitably judged, by his best work. This book will have to be read not only by admirers of Lindsay and of Masters but by everyone who cares anything at all about the future of American culture and the plight of the American artist, and by everyone who is interested in the most fascinating and baffling of literary, perhaps of all human, problems, the mysterious processes by which the mind of a genius is formed. Lindsay's diaries are in part a sort of prose *Prelude*. Mr. Masters draws on them for much of his book.

What of Lindsay's mind, then, and what was its tragedy? Mr. Lewisohn calls him "an English lyrist of almost Elizabethan sweetness and magic and country charm," and then accuses him of not using his mind at all. Recent critics have taken a similar view of a greater Elizabethan lyrist than Lindsay, forgetting that the applicability of the argument from design is not limited to God. The existence of the First Folio refutes the charge that Shakespeare was a gifted chuckle-head. Mr. Masters lists the twenty-eight "best" poems of Lindsay, says they "constitute the most considerable body of imaginative lyricism that any American has produced," compares them with Poe's best twelve with insistence on the reader's recognizing "how greater Lindsay's intellectual and emotional scope was," and then adverts to his "inherent incapacity to reason and to think," asserting that "he was never to know the truth about anything, for the reason that he scarcely knew the facts about anything." "What he did see," and never has the poetic insight been more justly described, "was that the outer appearance of things, the garb of nature, the language and the inarticulateness of human beings, and the inexplicable shadows and filaments which clothe the life of man, have something back of them of which these are in a way the hieroglyphics. . . These he tried to penetrate; these he sang; these he sought to fathom with unwearied patience. . . He took the journey of the soul by the inner ascent."

In the light of what he proclaimed and what he achieved, wherein lay Lindsay's tragedy? Mr. Masters may be right in holding that its roots were intellectual; it seems otherwise to me. Disparity between the poet's vision and the real America does not bring tragedy, for if all is well the prophet's occupation is gone. Perhaps Lindsay's tragedy was due like Napoleon's to flagging vitality before fifty. There were several contributory causes. As Mr. Masters notes, one was "that weakness which resulted from the magnitude of the dream, leaving no strength to execute the plan." Another factor was the relative indifference of the East, and the uncertainty of the West about a western artist till he had been accepted in New York.

But a third and probably the major factor in the collapse was poverty—not genteel indigence but destitution always imminent and sometimes actual. It drove him onto the lecture platform, which in turn by its absorption of his energy chained him from composition. "I have," he told me shortly before his death, "to go up and down repeating the thoughts I was thinking in 1912 instead of writing the thoughts I am thinking in 1931."

That its greatest poet since Whitman should go but seldom recognized as such is a disgrace to American criticism. That, on the other hand, his dependents sometimes lacked bread to eat is a national shame that no amount of posthumous honor, like the dedication of the Springfield bridge this summer, can ever atone for.

Hazelton Spencer is a member of the department of English at Johns Hopkins University.

The house at Springfield, Ill., where Lindsay was born and where he died.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Give Us Peace in Our Time

VERY few issues are what they seem to be on the surface. For example, recovery versus reform, a headline which has exercised editorial machine guns and books of larger calibre ever since Roosevelt came into office. We all know that recovery is indispensable for a still distressed country; we all should know that with the ratio between production and distribution radically altered and other less tangible ratios violently upset, reform is equally indispensable, if by reform one means an adaptation of the technique of an industrial civilization to new facts. The issue as to whether reform or recovery should have precedence is a confused issue, because no one knows accurately how much one is involved in the other; perhaps it is a false issue, since it is quite probable that recovery is impossible without reform, and that reform which retards recovery will be automatically eliminated by its failure, without recourse to argument. The true issue is whether essential, indisputable reshaping of our technique of management will be allowed to continue, or whether it will be stifled by external circumstances. It is the issue of war or peace; it is the issue of orderly evolution or disorderly crisis and calamity.

Many historians, James Truslow Adams among them, have noted that the evolution of American institutions, under the pressure of a changed environment, has been interrupted in the past by cataclysms, not always of our own making. The Civil War was one such cataclysm, which left as heritage the disorderly sixties and seventies, with their political and economic regressions. It was the World War which interrupted the confused, but well-meaning, and sometimes successful, attempts at adaptation in the administrations of Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson. And now we are again on the high road of a political and economic evolution which was well under way, as Mr. Lippmann has recently said, in the time of Hoover. Whether the man-made measures called forth by the need of evolution are happy or unhappy, hastily improvised or sagacious, is not the question in this argument. The issue is the need itself, and whether the times will allow it to be satisfied, even if the men and measures prove to be right. A foreign war, a domestic calamity, a division of the country, as in the fifties, into a house divided against itself, will stop readaptation because such a crisis calls for resistance not construction. There can be no advance in architecture while builders are on strike.

Reform, as the word is used here, means practical effort, an enlightened use of the method of trial and error, action not speculation; but behind such reform lies, and must lie, ideas. Use and wont keep men working in the old tracks. Ideas—from somewhere—are indispensable for change. And ideas are born, not in periods of agitation and violence, but before them, or after them. The generation that vividly remembers the war will remember also how fertile in ideas those years seemed. But how many of them were bad ideas, and so proved since! How many of them were merely new ideas, new to us, but long since hatched from study and reflection in a quieter age!

The bored man craves turbulence, but never the mind concerned with the way of life, never the thinker, and never the reformer, unless he is a Meddlesome Maggie, or an exhibitionist, as, one supposes, three out of every four little reformers are from birth. The genuine article wants peace in his time as badly as do the Russians for their cropful experiment. Peace—so that his own war upon decayed institutions can go on.

And the issue is broader than politics or economics, for it involves those organs of change by which culture advances toward civilization, when it advances at all, which, be it remembered, is not often. Peace in our time, or at all events a peace which will allow this country to play off its championship series between the lefts and the rights, collectivists and the individualists, the big man and the little men, the government and business, is as indispensable for the creative artist, the literary interpreter, and for all masters in the game of the intellect, as for the A.A.A. or Republican reorganization. There are many who believe that the virile American literature—poetry and satire particularly—of the twenties has already been sadly warped from its best direction by the social obsessions of the thirties. Artists are but men, scholars are but men; if the house begins to burn they will drop everything and fight the flames, or feed the flames, or gape at them. A generation of writers was killed or mentally maimed on the Western front, so that no one can now say what French and English literature was on its way to become in the next decades. There is no time to reflect in a train off the tracks.

Another kind of recovery, the restoring of that love of good reading which many feel has increasingly failed since the war, is also highly important. But here again, such a recovery is dependent upon an increasing production of good books, which is in turn dependent upon a better adaptation of the art of literature to the changes in our way of life. And this is impossible in an atmosphere of danger, violence, and calamity. For we can spiral downward, the distractions of conflict stifling fertile reflections which might have given birth to ideas in whose absence anarchy moves on toward chaos. Whether it is the creation of literature or the replanning of the state, or just the chores on Mr. Casey's farm, no work can be done in a blizzard.

Books and War

In a review on page 10 in this issue Mr. Frank Simonds deplores the unwillingness of our legislators to face the facts by reading the books that contain them. The full documentation of just how our slide into the war of 1914-1918 was accelerated by interested friends and the inevitable results of decisions not inevitable, is recorded in Walter Millis's "The Road to War." We wonder how many Congressional Committeemen responsible for our neutrality policy, and how many Senators ultimately responsible for our foreign relations, have read that book. The facts are there—nor is it impossible, or even difficult, to draw conclusions from these facts as to some of the "musts" of the troublous present. Indeed, one of the most exasperating aspects of the world situation of 1935 is how much that is being done, and left undone, by governments is directly counter to the studies of cause and effect in like circumstances which have piled up since 1914 in whole libraries of books. The dosage of "war books" seemed only yesterday too heavy. But the disease would not yield to one purging.

Ten Years Ago

In the issue for September 26th, 1925, The Saturday Review recommended "The Professor's House" by Willa Cather. Henry Seidel Canby wrote in his review: *"This is the age of experiment in the American novel. . . . Miss Cather, I suspect, is wearying of broad pioneer movements and sharp contrasts between flaming emotion and commonplace environment. She is going deeper. . ."*

Today

Willa Cather's latest novel, "Lucy Gayheart," was published in August. Howard Mumford Jones, who reviewed the book a month ago, pointed out that *"the American novel is in danger of becoming a prose pamphlet"* and that Willa Cather is one of the few who still hold *"to the simple and perdurable principle that the primary business of the novelist is to create a work of art."*

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Letters to the Editor: *The Freedom of the Press; Debunking the Nightingale*

Opinion and Ownership

SIR:—George Seldes's book on freedom of the press raises a very important question which he does not appear to recognize. Most of the faults of the press of today, as well as some of its virtues, are ultimately traceable to one thing: private ownership. Sometimes Seldes seems to recognize this and sometimes not; as when he wishes that newspaper owners would turn over complete control of their papers to the editors. This would undoubtedly give us better newspapers, on the whole; but it is fantastic to expect it under present conditions. A man who owns a newspaper usually does so for one of two reasons: (a) he expects to make money out of it, or (b) he wants to defend certain political and economic ideas, personal or partisan, and is willing to dip into his private fortune if necessary to meet the deficit. In either case, he is unlikely to give somebody else complete control of the policies which might make a difference between profit and loss. George Jones did so fifty years ago, but when comes such another? So long as newspapers are owned by individuals, families, or groups which will have to dig down into their pockets if the paper loses money, we are going to have such disgraceful incidents as the behavior of the overwhelming majority of American newspapers in the so-called freedom-of-the-press agitation of last year.

Yet (and I call this to Mr. Seldes's reflective attention) how would newspapers be financed if private ownership and the profit system were done away with? Presumably by the government, which would under even the mildest collectivist system have at least a negative control over the allocation of capital; and is any government likely to give a better break to its opponents than is now given them by the private owners of American newspapers? Mr. Seldes is a radical but he does not like a totalitarian press even when it is on his side; he would want a free press even if he lived in a Socialist state. But freedom would imply freedom for conservative papers as well. Mr. Seldes is grieved because the *New York Times,* for instance, is conservative. But his remedy of turning the newspapers over to their editors would not cure that; fifteen years ago, at least, the majority of *Times* editorial writers and news executives were more conservative than the publisher, and I imagine that is true still. Would a radical government put up the money for a conservative *Times* whose chief editorial function would be criticism of the government? No doubt it would, in a perfect state; but if we had the raw material of a perfect state our present condition would be better than it is.

For the sake of the record, let it be said that I agree with many of Mr. Seldes's criticisms of the existent press (though by no means with all of his admirations) and that my political and economic opinions are about the same as his. But it is time for all of us who believe that freedom of opinion is perfectly compatible with a collectivized economic system to begin thinking hard about just such details as this, in hope that somebody may hit upon the right answer.

ELMER DAVIS.

Mystic, Conn.

"YOU'D BETTER SEE TO PALLAS ATHENA, MOLLY; THERE'S BEEN A RAVEN ON IT."

(Addenda to Literature—Number 4)

Coleridge and the Nightingale

SIR:—Your editorial, "Debunking the Nightingale," might well have been suggested by an English poem which you don't mention. When you say, "Only two English poets, so far as we are aware, have written truth of the nightingale . . . Shakespeare and Wordsworth," you surely overlook Coleridge's "The Nightingale," the truest and fullest description in English of the bird's song. Coleridge anticipated you in debunking the poetical nightingale, but so far as his poem was concerned, Keats, Arnold, and Bridges "had ears in vain." If Wordsworth, as you say, "recognized the cheerful 'tumultuous harmony' of the nightingale's song," it was probably because Coleridge or Dorothy had pointed it out to him. At all events, Coleridge's poem is the earlier one. Here are some lines which parallel your reflections.

A melancholy bird! O idle thought!
In Nature there is nothing melancholy.
But some night-wandering man, whose heart was pierced
With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,
Or slow distemper, or neglected love,
. . . . . he and such as he
First named these notes a melancholy strain,
And many a poet echoes the conceit.
. . . . . .
My Friend, and thou, our Sister! we have learnt
A different lore; we may not thus profane
Nature's sweet voices, always full of love
And joyance! 'Tis the merry Nightingale
That crowds and hurries and precipitates
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul
Of all its music!

As to the thrush, how, in view of "When Lilacs Last in Dooryard Bloomed," can you say that Whitman was "too gross" to do him justice? And by the way, should an editorial debunking the poetical birds refer to the singer as feminine ("let her sing her own song")?

HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE.

Woodland Park, Colo.

"She" was used of temperament rather than of egg-laying or song-making proclivities. I used "he" for the mockingbird. As for Whitman, his "reedy song" may have made me unfair. "Pure deliberate notes" is excellent.—The Editor.

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How Not to Be Neutral

WAR MEMORIES OF ROBERT LANSING, Secretary of State. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1935. $3.50.

Reviewed by FRANK H. SIMONDS

APPEARING on the morrow of that panic which seized an exhausted Congress and swept it into a paroxysm of legislations designed to keep the United States out of the next World War, visibly impending, this book has patent timeliness. In fact, it might well have been called "How not to be neutral." For, in itself, it reveals a state of mind in the Wilson Administration which insured American belligerency. It then teaches by example, but by bad example.

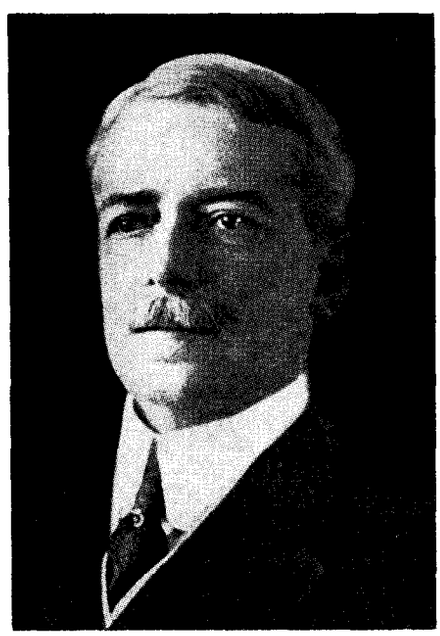
In many ways Lansing was the ideal under-secretary of state. He had the hard, shrewd common sense of the upstate New Yorker. He knew a good deal about law and not a little about the history and traditions of American foreign policy. He had no imagination and little initiative. Not quite a "yes-man" he could advise a "no" alternative, but if it were rejected he was tempted not to resign but to make the best of it. In the end he was ejected from office brutally and bore injustice with great dignity. Under other circumstances he would have been, if not a great secretary of state, a sound and safe adviser.

Called suddenly to be the successor of Bryan, when "the great commoner" with a courage and consistency today commanding a respect it once failed to enlist, resigned rather than sign a Lusitania Note which he saw clearly was a first step toward involvement in the great struggle, Lansing came to his high office already convinced that the United States must go in. As early as July 11, 1915, he wrote a memorandum entitled "Consideration and Outline of Policies." In that he set down this final conviction—

> Germany must not be permitted to win this war or to break even, though to prevent it this country is forced to take an active part. This ultimate necessity must be constantly in our minds in all our controversies with the belligerents. American public opinion must be prepared for the time, which may come, when we will have to cast aside our neutrality and become one of the champions of democracy.

In simple terms, this meant that the American Secretary of State, while recognizing the necessity to make formal protests against British invasion of American rights, was resolved not to go beyond formality because he saw in Germany an eventual enemy. After the sinking of the *Lusitania,* Lansing became one of the "believers in active support of the Allies." He realized, however, "that the sensible thing to do was to defer action until by a gradual process of education and enlightenment the American people had been brought to a full understanding of the design of the German Government to become overlord of the world."

On July 14, moreover, he made the shrewd observation to the President that the American people, while resolved against war were equally insistent that their own government should not "recede a step from its position but compel Germany to submit to our demands." To carry out such ideas, he realized and reported was a task "well nigh impossible." It was, in fact, a *totally* impossible task, even had the minister, whose duty it was to undertake it believed in the experiment, which he frankly did not.



ROBERT LANSING

On the contrary he saw us presently fighting with the Allies against the Germans and he accurately conjectured that when that moment arrived, we should not want to be handicapped in our struggle by any inconvenient support of principles and neutral rights during the provisional period of non-participation. He distrusted the British, he was more than convinced that they were not only using illegal methods to bring about German defeat but exploiting the invasion of our undoubted rights to the detriment of our legitimate trade and commerce. About the English, he had no illusions. For Walter Hines Page, become pacifically penetrated with British pretensions and propaganda, he had at most only tolerant pity. But he was a realist and says of his views—

> In dealing with the British Government there was always in my mind the conviction that we would ultimately become an ally of Great Britain and that it would not do, therefore, to let out controversies reach a point where diplomatic correspondence gave place to actions.

Obviously the Germans were not likely to be taken in by any such procedure. And they were not. Technically they had no ground for complaint, actually, the United States was within its rights, but practically it was not neutral.

The objective of the Secretary of State was not neutrality but belligerency. His strategy was to seem neutral until American public opinion finally became sufficiently aroused against Germany and then to act. Wilson, by contrast, believed it was possible to uphold American rights and avoid American involvement. But when, in March, 1916, the Germans sank the *Sussex*, Lansing thought the moment to strike had come. Accordingly he advised Wilson to speak "without subterfuge or evasion." He wanted to break off relations, but Wilson demurred and, for the moment, Germany temporized. This apparent victory for a policy seeking to uphold rights by peaceful means was responsible for Wilson's re-election, but Lansing was not fooled and, hard on the heels of the triumph at the polls, came the exposure of the bankruptcy of the policy responsible for that triumph.

By the autumn of 1916, however, with his election won and his neutrality policy apparently triumphant, Wilson's imagination, powerfully stimulated by the suggestions of Colonel House, had soared far above and beyond the limits of conventional conduct of foreign relations. By that time, he was dreaming his great dream of restoring world peace and making it permanent. Already he had ceased to be the American President and was thinking of himself as the World Prophet of peace. And the first step was to bring the warring countries to conference. But of the futility of such an attempt Lansing was well aware "for the conditions made accomplishment practically impossible."

Lansing so advised the President, but the President persisted. He sounded out the ambassadors of the several belligerent powers. But, meantime the German Government stole his "show" and launched a peace offensive of their own. As a consequence, when Wilson's great note was published, he seemed to London and Paris to be only the tool of Berlin, the conscious or unconscious accessory of the Kaiser in an operation designed to break down Allied morale.

The first "adventure in peace" was thus a "dud." But thereafter the Germans went back to the unlimited submarine warfare and the United States became a belligerent. Meantime, when the Peace Note had been published, the Secretary of State suddenly intervened and told an astonished nation, satisfied that the President had "kept us out of war" definitively, that "the sending of the note will indicate the possibility of our being forced into

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war." He made it even more explicit, saying—"we are growing nearer the verge of war ourselves and therefore we are entitled to know exactly what each belligerent seeks in order that we may regulate our conduct in the future."

That interpretation produced a panic in Wall Street and an explosion in Congress. The country was, in fact, "on the verge of war," but it was without a suspicion of the fact. The awakening came a few days later, when Bernstorff advised Lansing that the submarine warfare would be renewed. That was the end of the Wilson dream of playing the part of the Great Pacificator and of bringing the struggle to a close by peaceful intervention. But, for him it was only a postponement; after military victory he now purposed to impose by force the peace which he had been unable to establish by persuasion. And that resolution led to Paris, Versailles, and last of all to the Senate.

Read in the light of the problems which today confront the American nation, considered with an eye to the background of the rapidly approaching struggle in the Old World, this book can serve a useful purpose. It demonstrates beyond peradventure that neutrality like virginity is not a matter of degrees. Lansing was not neutral because, like so many other Americans, he believed that Imperial Germany had become a common danger for all democracies. Today, it is plain that a similar conviction exists in many minds in respect to Fascist Italy and, tomorrow an identical emotion is likely to be aroused by the performances of "Nazi" Germany.

In the Ethiopian Affair British propaganda has naturally sought—not without some success—to arouse American feelings as it did in the Belgian. If Germany precipitates a new war next year, all the old appeals based upon democracy will have contemporary relevance. But the United States cannot combine neutrality with championship of the rights of small peoples or the defense of democracy on foreign soil.

What Congress was patently fishing for in its recent legislation, what the majority of the people of the United States are manifestly clamoring for, is some form of law which will prevent the President or the Secretary of State of the United States from involving the country in future foreign wars because of their own conviction that America has a mission in the world unrelated to any question of material prosperity or military security. And, needless to say, it has not found any such formula, nor, for that matter is it likely to find it. On the contrary, immunity from such attacks of executive idealism can only arrive when at last it becomes plain to the public mind that neutrality itself is a whole-time job. To the illumination of that public mind, moreover, the present volume should prove a useful contribution, particularly as it exposes both the idealist and the legalist as equally at sea.

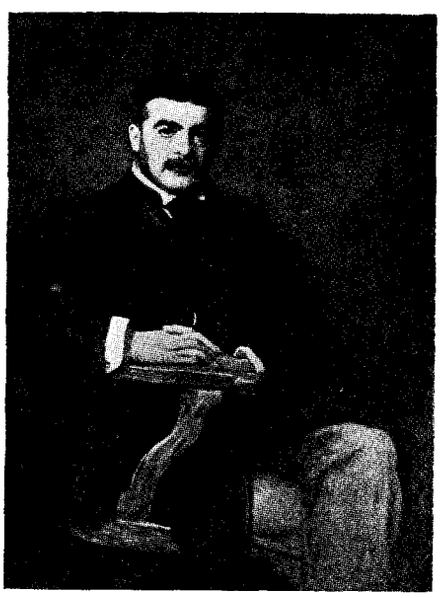
Innocent Merriment

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN. By Hesketh Pearson. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by GEORGE STEVENS

IT is impossible to write a dull book about Gilbert and/or Sullivan, and Mr. Pearson's book is one of the most readable that have been inspired by the Savoy partnership. Much of it, of course, will be familiar to those who have read, even casually, about Gilbert and Sullivan; the familiar material, however, is worth reading again, and besides this, Mr. Pearson is original enough in his presentation to justify his book.

For one thing, he has combined the biographies of both men in one volume, without being either too detailed or too sketchy to hold the interest of the average Gilbert and Sullivan fan. The emphasis is biographical, not critical, throughout. Naturally, we hear again about Gilbert's famous lawsuits; about Sullivan's ambitions in serious composition, so unfortunately encouraged by Sir George Grove and Queen Victoria; about the trip to America to establish copyright for "The Pirates of Penzance;" about Gilbert's plot involving the lozenge which turned people into other people—a plot which Sullivan abominated, and which in consequence nearly wrecked the partnership more than once. In addition, we hear for the first time of an ill-advised letter sent by D'Oyly Carte to Gilbert which had more disastrous consequences even than the lozenge plot. Carte, as manager of the Savoy Theatre, assessed both Gilbert and Sullivan, his fellow-stockholders, with part of the cost of recarpeting the theatre. Gilbert objected; and Carte replied that both he and Sullivan were tired of Gilbert's "interference," and would perhaps be well advised to look for another librettist.



SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN

W. S. GILBERT

Mr. Pearson has this from an old Savoyard, Mr. Jack Robertson, who says that Gilbert showed him the letter. Mr. Pearson also has some contributions from Miss Jessie Bond, who sang in the Savoy company when the operas were first produced. Whether or not it is owing to the nature of his sources, the author tends, at the end of the book, to discard the biographical method for the anecdotal. This is particularly true in the chapter on Gilbert's last years, for here we find anecdotes of all kinds—some new, some well known, and a few others which, although Mr. Pearson now tells them about Gilbert, have previously been retailed at the expense of other eminent Victorians. Mr. Pearson's willingness to tell every good story he has heard makes us wish that, in regard to such an important piece of evidence as the D'Oyly Carte letter, he himself had been able to see it and reproduce it, instead of having to describe its contents at second hand.

But leaving out any debatable points, Mr. Pearson has done an informed, appreciative, and most diverting book. His psychological insight into Gilbert and Sullivan is remarkably acute. One might, indeed, occasionally question at a point of interpretation: for instance, doesn't the evidence make Gilbert out to be more of an exhibitionist than Mr. Pearson allows? At least one reader got the impression, from Gilbert's hilarious testimony quoted in the account of one of his lawsuits, that Gilbert liked lawsuits because they gave him a chance to make witticisms in public. However that may be, we read this book not primarily for psychological explanations of Gilbert and Sullivan, but because it brings them to life.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

College Highway

I WAS wondering what to do about the floor in the Knothole: whether to scrub, paint, stain it, or what. My neighbor Fontaine Fox made a wise remark. "Walk about on it a while first," he said, "to give it character."

The same thought occurred to me when having a look at the new colleges at Yale, where architects have gone whoopsdearie in Gothic. It will be fifty years at least before any slow-minded observer should venture an opinion. The new Yale needs a lot of walking on to give it character. It's magnificent, but what is it? By Oxford out of the Belfry of Bruges? New England has been thrown overboard. The effect is not as depressing as that endless acreage of synthetic Georgian at Harvard, but it does begin to weigh on the mind after a few hours. I wonder what four years of architectural second-hand do to a young mind? Certainly some of the fine old Puritan elms look astonished shut into such high-church quadrangles. With extraordinary sense of relief, catharsis, one goes to look at the little old houses north of the Green: the Pierpont House, the Graduates' Club, the Tory Tavern.

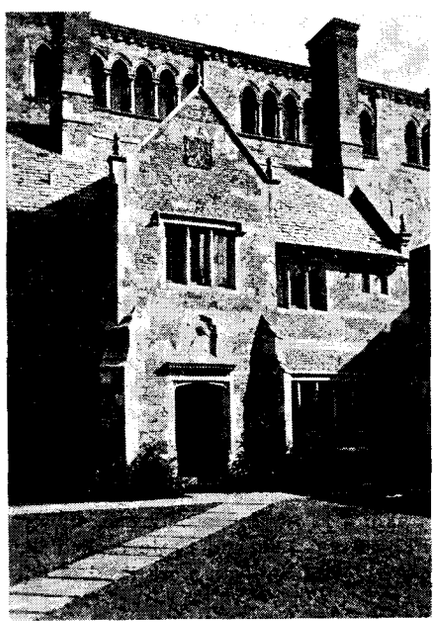
In the interior court of the great Sterling Library some youths were palely loitering with geometry books; I suppose awaiting an entrance examination. Near them was an inscription that my faded Latin finds a bit flabby to construe. NON CALAMI STILI AUT PENNAE SUFFRAGIO SED MIRA PATRONARUM FORMARUMQUE CONCORDIA PROPORTIONE ET MODULO. *Modulus*, which I take to mean restraint, is hardly the exact word to describe the hilarities of those architects. Yet some of the things theoretically deplorable — such as Davenport College's mixture of Gothic and Georgian—are, in actuality, rather amusing.

The new colleges at Yale are certainly something to be seen; and then kept quiet about. Any comment on them now is a lifetime premature. But my heart grieves for any young Yalensian who gets a Rhodes Scholarship and has to go on for three more years of real Gothic after four of replica. His taste will be permanently distracted.

Mr. Santayana, in his forthcoming novel, was shrewd to have his young hero flee both Harvard and Yale and go first to an up-country college (Williams, in fact). When, I'm wondering, did our two greatest universities (which began as such sturdy places) develop their passion for imitation?

There is a rather solemn announcement in stone at the entrance to the Sterling Library (which is, I must be frank, a place of stupefying magnificence.) *A Library is a Summons to Scholarship,* it says; they have wisely planted creeper which will soon occlude this naiveté. But there was an exquisite coolness and peace in the air that September morning. I thought with affectionate curiosity of the class of 1939, about to begin its ardors and endurances. May they have what has lately been promised the world of commerce, a Breathing Spell. Which is what college ought to be. They won't find much of it afterward, unless they are singularly agile and obstinate.

We arrived in New Haven at midnight, after a longish drive by moonlight along my favorite grievance, U. S. Number 1. Across the street from the Hotel Taft



LIBRARIAN'S OFFICE
Sterling Library, Yale University

is a small café with quite the authentic college-town flavor. It has a list of 64 cocktails and mixed drinks to stimulate education. These are advertised under glass on the tables; very grievous to contemplate at breakfast time the next morning. A tactful innkeeper would not mention them at least until noon.

Northward from New Haven is a road called the College Highway, toward Mount Holyoke, Northampton and Amherst. Connecticut is always a beautiful State; at the moment suffering a little from tencentenary selfconsciousness. Such pleasant towns as Farmington do not really need to placard every elderly house with its date. In an outdoor box at the Farmington Bookshop I found for 10 cents the first volume of *Derringforth*, a novel by the late Frank A. Munsey. I have always wondered whether this is as grievous a book as I like to suppose. The preface, dated September 1, 1897, states that "*When should a girl marry?* is the theme of this story." It admonishes young women to remember that "freshness, sweetness, innocence, faith and enthusiasm stand for the highest possibilities of happiness." What happens in volume 2 I shall probably never know; I found volume 1 soggy.

South Hadley, our next pause on the College Highway, knows more about young women than Frank Munsey was likely to. 306 freshmen were registering at Mount Holyoke that day and a large addition to the college library is just being completed. Mount Holyoke has a delightful combination inn and bookshop and we found Miss Phillips, the manager, looking forward to a busy season. The Bookshop Inn is now celebrating a tenth anniversary, and the college itself, so pleasantly secluded on its hilltop, will soon mark its hundredth. It struck us as amusing to find Mount Holyoke and Amherst divided by a stream called Bachelor Brook.

Of all Mary Lyon's pupils at the Female Seminary (as it was then called) the one who most interested us was now close in spirit. Once before, several years ago, we drove through Amherst, fleeing from Fourth of July celebrations, and forgot to look for Emily Dickinson's house. This time we found it, but had no thought to intrude. Those who love Emily do not speak easily of her, but one wanted to divine the feeling of that house and garden. To find it exactly as one would have hoped was fortune indeed—one of "the soul's superior instants." By happy chance and the kindness of Madame Bianchi and Mr. Hampson we were able to see—almost, one could say, to recognize—pictures and furniture that Emily loved. The quiet lawn behind high hedges is much as she knew it. Beside her brother's house, next door, is the most exquisite silvery old barn, sagging a bit, shingled with colors of cobweb. As you come upon it suddenly, among the trees, it seems the ghost of a barn rather than actual timbers. It looks as soft as a scarf that Emily herself might have worn, cool evenings in that garden. A fragile spinster among barns; a symbol of the poet's own heart. I suppose its delicacy came upon it in the fifty years since she died, but it could never have grown so beautiful and shy unless she loved it. If my mind goes back to search for meanings, I find more of them in that lichen-colored shed than in pinnacles by wholesale at New Haven. Both have their place, of course. As she

(*Continued on page* 15)

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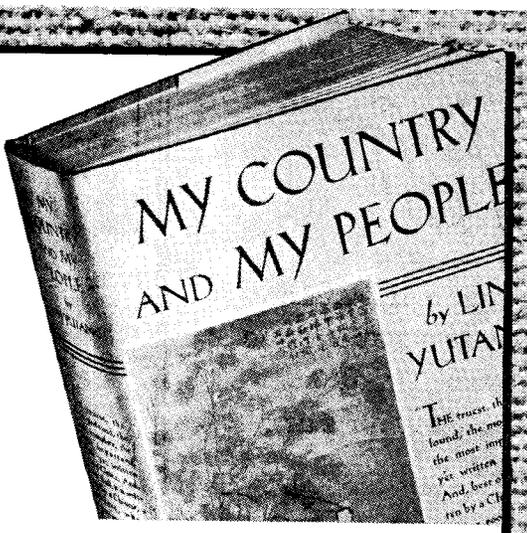
"The most civilized book of our time"—"the best book on China in the English language"



By Lin Yutang

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A wise and witty Chinese, mellowed in the culture of his country and educated in America, has written this beautiful and refreshing book about his native land and about us. Nathaniel Peffer says in the *Saturday Review:* "I recommend it for its acute insight into Occidental institutions, ideas, and ways of life... You will be stimulated and refreshed by a great deal of wisdom about life and, incidentally, by an English style of charm and occasional distinction."

PEARL BUCK says: "This is, I think, the most profound, the most complete, the most important book yet written about China... It is written proudly and humorously and with beauty, seriously and with gaiety."
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Gove Hambidge of his Enchanted Acre . . . and what is more, Hambidge really knows how to farm, which Horace never did!

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Illustrated. $2.50

ENCHANTED ACRE
By Gove Hambidge

WHITTLESEY HOUSE
McGraw-Hill Building, New York

The Last Great Puritan

(*Continued from page 4*)

is set above the battles into the military, the political, the executive needs of a wholly practical campaign.

Viewed this way, the title of the book is appropriate and significant. Here are the seven pillars hewn out by wisdom for her house, hewn with pain and self-scrutiny; for what is wisdom, and of what shall her house be builded? It should (as he said) have been an epic of direct action, and for that the materials were abundant, and indeed the best of them are all in this book—the exalted action, the exciting adventure, the characters of an epic, noble, imperfect, tragic, or pitiable, all lifted upon the plane of a great endeavor. But the mood of the writer is not epic, and the book is not epic. It is a Puritan tragedy, a drama of energy scanned and scrutinized by wisdom, and constantly condemned by the hero himself—really a confession like Augustine's, who also lived mightily and found it was nought in the sight of God. Lawrence is too much of a Puritan and a modern to think it was nought. He is proud of his energy, proud of his courage, exulting even in the frightful degradations of his tortures in the Turkish camp, aware that when for moral reasons he shot the Moroccan in cold blood he was revenging upon his own fastidious mind the lust for action which had led him into a leadership morally indefensible. And so with penetrating irony he subtitles his thrice-written book "A Triumph." A triumph in the great war, a triumph for Colonel Lawrence, which Lawrence the Puritan acknowledges by divesting himself of his orders and his rank, refusing all reward, and coming close to starvation* within a few years of the climax of his success. But a triumph also for wisdom, who here makes her distracted comment on a tale which, without the self-scrutiny, might have been written like Southey's "Life of Nelson," or Wellington's unreflecting comments on how he saved Europe from the menace of France. "Pray God," says Lawrence, "that men reading this story will not, for love of the glamour of strangeness, go out to prostitute themselves and their talents in serving another race."

Postscriptum: Since writing the above review, I have had the privilege of consulting Colonel Isham's unique copy of "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom," which contains the original first chapter, included elsewhere only in the five original copies printed from the uncondensed manuscript. This chapter, which was deleted from "The Seven Pillars" by the advice of George Bernard Shaw, not only confirms the theory of moral responsibility outlined in the review above, but explicitly states that "The Seven Pillars" was essentially a book about himself. It is to be devoutly hoped that this chapter will later resume its proper place in the book. It contains not only one of the finest paragraphs of English prose which Lawrence ever wrote, but the best and most specific account of his reasons for encouraging the Arab revolt, and his hopes for saving his Arabs from what he knew would be their probable fate when the war was won.—H. S. C.

* "I starved in 1922: and don't want to repeat!"—From an unpublished letter of T. E. Lawrence to Colonel Isham, quoted with permission from Colonel Isham and Lawrence's literary executor.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MR. PINKERTON OMNIBUS *David Frome* (Farrar and Rinehart: $2.)	Prefatory remarks by Mr. Frome set stage—then Insp. Bull and Mr. P. perform for 857 pages.	Non-Pinkertonians *must* have it: all Pinkertonians will enjoy it. (Three full length novels.)	Pink of Perfection
THE CUNNING MULATTO *Fletcher Pratt* speaking for Ellis Parker Butler (Smith & Haas: $2.50.)	Far famed N. J. sleuth describes dozen actual cases with all deductive details.	Facts, as usual, straightforwardly set down, make fiction look wan and woozy.	Don't miss it!
THE CASE OF THE CARETAKER'S CAT *Erle Stanley Gardner* (Morrow: $2.)	Catastrophe overtakes aged eccentric, caretaker, and nurse. Exit cat (and cash). Enter Perry Mason and *beaucoup* action.	Finish a bit windy, but for thrills, bafflement, crackling conversation, and sinuous sleuthing this rates usual Gardner galaxy.	None Better
THE BOOMERANG CLUE *Agatha Christie* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Accidental death, discovered by Wodehousey vicar's son, turns out murder. Clerical scion and Earl's daughter do neat amateur deducing.	Effectively demonstrates, with some coincidental long-arming, that mirth and murders may mix — but one misses the "little gray cells."	Hercule Poirot, come home!

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The Bowling Green

(*Continued from page* 12)

once said, "To multiply the harbors does not reduce the sea." But I am a connoisseur of barns; this one of Emily's thrills me as did the School of Philosophy at Concord.

"I fear for the rectitude of the barn," Emily wrote; referring I suppose to the stable behind her own home; the occasion was when the coachman was in liquor. But it would apply now to her brother's gently faltering coach-house. I think it was because we loved the barn at sight that Madame Bianchi, Emily's niece, was so gracious to us.

"Twilight was touching Amherst with his yellow glove;" we had to go. Long ago we promised some children a visit to the Toytown Tavern at Minchendon. But one thing and another kept us from it until those children are nearly grown up. We expected a kind of gigantic nursery, with toys and Mother Goose decorations and gauds appropriate to extreme youth. And so it is; which made it all the odder to find most of the guests distinctly elderly. One of our ageing progeny, whose tastes are violently adult, remarked bitterly, "How can I sleep in a room with little rabbits running all over the wallpaper?" What amused me most was an outhouse called The Pirates' Grill, with a sign on the door: *Ring Bell for Pirate Captain.*

There is an excellent Ford Service Station in Brattleboro, Vermont, on Flat Street. And I think my colleague The Phoenician should know that the Vermont Printing Company, in Brattleboro, publishes a weekly, *The Vermont Phoenix.*

"In Back"

SIR:—More than a half century ago, when I was doing local on a little Missouri daily, an old tramp printer brought me one of my scribbled pages, and, in language most emphatic, read me a lecture on the use of "in back." He advised me to study grammar, the proper use of words—to learn how to write. He used the term slipshod, ignorance, carelessness, and a lot of other things, referring to the use of poor English by careless writers.

So all the days since I have watched the use of "in back" grow, and wondered. I have a bunch of clippings, from daily newspapers, magazines, books, ranging from New York to California—yea, even the sainted *Atlantic Monthly.*

Am I unduly worried?

PURD B. WRIGHT.

Kansas City Public Library.

SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS noted a pleasing coincidence. Recently (August 17) the Green reproduced *The Endless Knot,* an antique pattern in scissored paper, "M. A. Honeywell's work, done without hands," wondering a little what this meant. On the same date the Boston *Transcript* printed a note about Miss Honeywell's work. The *Transcript* said:—

> Miss Honeywell's work is proudly signed as being done without hands, for she was born with no hands and with only three toes on one foot. With these she is reported to have plied her scissors and written. In spite of such a handicap she worked from 1806-1848 and traveled as far as Europe.

F. C. C. (East Gloucester, Mass.) writes: "The fact that Miss Honeywell's work was done with toes adds nothing to its quality, but that she had the spirit to struggle with such scanty implements proves her a valiant person, worthy of contemplation."—A subsequent letter from Miss Nellie Beebe (Petoskey, Mich.) tells us that it was *Mrs.* Honeywell; her husband was a sea-captain. Miss Beebe's grandmother was Mrs. Honeywell's companion.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 78)

ELLEN GLASGOW—
"VEIN OF IRON"

"Did every new age evolve from a ferment of centrifugal forces? —Everything, from the aimless speeding of automobiles down to the electric dust in the sunlight, appeared to whirl on deliriously."

Another Distinguished Critic Acclaims Ernest Raymond's "We The Accused"

"NOW that I have mentioned Ernest Raymond's "We The Accused," I want to add a few words to what I wrote about it in the Transcript three weeks ago. It is a novel that cannot be overpraised or given too much attention. In this overburdened epoch of fiction-writing, it must not be overlooked, or neglected, or forgotten. It should be kept in the public eye until its reputation is firmly established. It is a novel in a thousand, indeed a novel in ten thousand. It is the product of a mind that holds and unites the world of reality with the vigors of the imagination, of a mind that understands the alliance of life with literature.

"IT is a novel that has for its substance the interwoven warp and woof of our fallible human natures. In its pages a man and a woman are led astray, not so much by their passions, as in many novels, but by the fateful sway of their emotion. They sin and they suffer, they endure more than it seems possible for the sensitive spirit of man and woman to endure, and after continuous trials and attempts to escape the penalty of their wrongdoing, they discover that the way of the transgressor is hard and that the wages of sin is death.

"SINCE, however, the woman's is the lesser sin, she is doomed to live on after the man in the midst of her bitter memories that are qualified by a remembrance of her own unextinguishable loyalty. Moreover, in "We The Accused" Mr. Raymond writes with a facility, a beauty and a clarity of style that holds the reader as steadily in its thrall as does the story itself. The reader cannot, even if he would, escape from the grasp of a story in which even he himself seems to be inextricably involved. He reads on and on until its very end with a breathless interest that clings not merely to the story, but controls him by the powerful manner of its telling.

"'WE The Accused,' perhaps I should tell you, is the story of what leads up to, what circumscribed and what followed a murder, but it is in no sense of the term a murder story according to the conventional significance of those commonplace words, nor is it an ordinary story of a sex triangle.

"I CERTAINLY hope that "We The Accused," will take the place it deserves among the fiction that lasts as well as among the fiction of the moment."

From a talk by EDWIN FRANCIS EDGETT
Literary Editor, Boston Evening Transcript

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By
DOMENICO VITTORINI
Foreword by
LUIGI PIRANDELLO

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$2 Dodd, Mead

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By Sarah Atherton

LIPPINCOTT

Wanted—Readers Under Ten

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ALREADY the shelves are crammed with early fall books for children, from many publishers. One might as well begin, as a preliminary to later particularly selected books, by examining those intended for youngsters between the ages of five and ten years old. One of the simplest, yet possessing decided originality, is the latest book written and illustrated with pleasingly silly drawings by Dorothy Kunhardt, "Lucky Mrs. Ticklefeather" (Harcourt, Brace). Mrs. Kunhardt's nonsense fables, employing the art of rhythmic repetition, have caught on extremely well. Children are genuinely amused by them. Three have preceded this one. The same publishers bring out "The Lost Leopard," by Eleanor Frances Lattimore, a simple story of a little English boy, also illustrated by the author, who is in this case a professional artist, not a gifted amateur like Mrs. Kunhardt. Jane Miller's "To Market We Go" from Houghton Mifflin, illustrated by Florence and Margaret Hoopes, is a good simple tale of a farmer's open-air market, and "A Summer by the Sea," by Jeanette Smith, illustrated by Eleanor O. Eadie (American Book Company) is the same primary kind of thing, simply and seriously presented.

Pets and animals of all kinds are, of course, pretty sure-fire stuff for children. There is a great variety of such books before me. Paul T. Gilbert's "Bertram and His Funny Animals" (Rand McNally) *is* both funny and original, relating as it does how Bertram somehow acquired the most improbable pets, such as a hippopotamus, a giraffe, a South American tapir, a ticklish rhinoceros, etc. Appreciation of this book demands a little more grey matter than the foregoing, but it will still undoubtedly appeal to the pretty young. Then there is the excellent story of "Mister Penny" and his animal family, written and pictured by Marie Hall Ets (Viking). This is a real creation. You should not miss it. The pictures alone are worth the price of the book. Among the photographic books so popular nowadays (and fine picture books they make!), Harcourt, Brace presents "The Animal Fair," by Colette M. Burns and Robert B. Kolsbun, with some grand photographs of animals. (Note particularly the cougar cub!) And Viking contributes "Blinky. A Biography of a Ringtail," by Agnes Akin Atkinson—for slightly older children, fiction based on fact and entirely trustworthy in its naturalism. The same firm gives us "Nip and Tuck," a true story of two Himalayan bear cubs by George M. Dyott, also attractive and authentic. Furthermore, there is a new edition (Robert M. McBride & Company) of Carveth Wells's "The Jungle Man and His Animals," illustrated by Tony Sarg. The price is now one dollar, formerly three. "Tales from Uncle Remus" (Houghton Mifflin) should also be mentioned here—just a handful of those great stories of my youth, illustrated by Milo Winter (though I shall always prefer the original F. S. Church and A. B. Frost illustrations). To Joel Chandler Harris fans (as I am one) particularly worth having in this volume is an introduction by the famous "Brer Rabbit's" daughter-in-law, telling of Harris's own youth. Mary Graham Bonner has been most successful with stories for small children, and "Adventures in Puddle Muddle" (Dutton) is her latest. As A. A. Milne is interpreted by Ernest H. Shepard, Mrs. Bonner has also found her perfect illustrator in William A. Kolliker. Children will enjoy Top Notch the Rooster, Rip the Dog (a lovely pup!), Christopher Columbus Crow, and the rest of them. The two little bears, Jelly and Honey, are also pleasing. Another small volume for small folk sure to delight with text and pictures is "There Was Tammie" (Dodd, Mead), by Dorothy and Marguerite Bryan.

One of the best book-fashioners for

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
RED DRUMS *E. Alexander Powell* (Washburn: $2.)	Mystery Adventure	Square-jawed American agent and beauteous aviatrix blast colossal plans of Red babe for rebellion in Carribean.	Hearsteria
LORDS OF THE COAST *Jackson Gregory* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Adventure	From the Old World to the 'New Spain' (Calif.) comes Don Julian and tossing a mean and wicked sword swings the breaks his way.	Tops
PUBLIC SWEETHEART NO. 1 *Dora Macy* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Novel	Rough and tough show-dame who played the field now spills the dope. Quintuple mergers and hotcha memories.	Ham
THE POWDER BURNER *Frank C. Robertson* (Washburn: $2.)	Western	Hornswoggling under western skies where hard eggs and a pretty gal tiff over the Triangle S. Steve Zachary to the rescue.	Ample

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small children who has recently come out of the South is, as I mentioned last year, Ellis Credle. She thinks her second book "Across the Cotton Patch" (Thomas Nelson & Sons) artistically better than her first. (She both writes and draws.) In any event it seems to me quite above the average for young children. To shift from the South to the very top of Norway, "Children of the Northlights" (Viking), written and illustrated by Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire, the newest of a series of children's books by authors who are thoroughly familiar with the Lapp country, is also a most artistic performance. Children will delight in the many colored pictures. No wonder the Junior Literary Guild selected it for September! In respect to different parts of the world, young children can pore over another most attractive volume "Peter and Gretchen in Old Nuremberg," by Viola M. Jones (Chicago: Albert Whitman & Co.); can be introduced to the folk tales and myths of the Navajo people in "Navajo Winter Nights," by Dorothy Childs Hogner (Thomas Nelson & Sons), contemplate the life of "Yen-Foh: A Chinese Boy" in a story adapted from the Chinese by Ethel J. Eldridge and illustrated by Kurt Wiese (again an Albert Whitman Junior Press book), learn how Christmas is celebrated in Provence from Miss Helen Hill and Miss Violet Maxwell in "The Saintons Go to Bethlehem" (Macmillan), the Saintons being those little clay figures of village characters made and treasured in households of the South of France—this being a fine holiday gift book of songs and music—, learn of a Scotch boy in "A Lad of Dundee," by Gwen Cuthbert and Elizabeth Marriot King (World Book Company), or find a more stereotyped kind of pabulum in "Our Little Friends of the Netherlands," by Frances Carpenter (American Book Company). But much more remarkable artistically (and a book of distinct folklore value) is "The Sun, The Moon and a Rabbit," by Amelia Martinez del Rio, illustrated by Jean Charlot (Sheed & Ward). Jean Charlot is, of course, known for his monumental frescoes in Mexico City, and Miss del Rio is a noted archæologist. The book is one of the most valuable treatments of Mexican legends that has yet appeared, yet simply told for young children.

I do not see much point, on the other hand, in gathering together such thoroughly well-known tales as, actually, "Cinderella" and "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp," in "Blue Caravan Tales," compiled by Effie Power for E. P. Dutton & Company. "Merry Christmas to You," by Wilhelmina Harper, is a better sort of compilation from the same firm, and brings pleasantly together work by Frank R. Stockton, Beatrix Potter, Selma Lagerlöf, François Coppée, Eugene Field, Hans Christian Andersen, and Oscar Wilde, as well as many others. It is a good garland of children's stories to be read at the festive season. To conclude for this week, I shall mention another compilation that Houghton Mifflin sponsors in the Riverside Bookshelf series, "The Out-of-Door Book," presenting tales of birds and beasts, sport, travel, and adventure. There are illustrations in striking color by Mark Robinson, and many great authors are drawn upon, as well as some less-well-known.

LONGMANS BOOKS

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— *Chicago Daily News*

PRISONER of the OGPU
By George Kitchin

Radicals, Liberals and Conservatives alike have been profoundly shocked by this amazing personal revelation of life in Soviet prison camps. "What he describes is the nearest approach to hell on earth that we have."—*Harry Hansen.* "A shocking book that adds an important chapter to the history of Communism in operation."—*Herschel Brickell.* $3.00

EUGENE O'NEILL:
A POET'S QUEST
By Richard Dana Skinner

Stark Young, author of *So Red the Rose* and drama critic of the New Republic, writes: "This book is unique among the writings on Eugene O'Neill. For the first time a special element in O'Neill that is his strongest inner force is studied, traced through its developments, and deeply felt and understood." $2.00

I LIVE IN VIRGINIA
By Julian R. Meade

Here is dynamite under the Moonlight and Magnolia! News of this book's publication has already caused rumblings, not only in Virginia, but throughout the South. With the frankness of *Personal History* and the curious charm of *I Cover The Waterfront* this volume reveals Virginia from the personal point of view of one who knows the Virginia of Branch Cabell, Amelie Rives, and Essie and Beulah, who fold diapers in the mills. $2.50

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The PHŒNIX NEST

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

I AM honored by having two celebrated contributors this week, and I owe it all to *Gretna Green*, whose actual identity still remains a mystery to me. First, *Gelett Burgess* writes me, saying his original verse "was called a Quintain by error (mine, not *F. P. A.'s*, who however should have known), and it is of course a Dizain. I would be glad to have Gretna Green read the enclosed answer."

SECOND CHILDHOOD

A Vowel Sequence to Gretna Green

As some November lover goes May-daying,
Singing again his college "U-pi-dee" ing
To chase away the danger of boo-hooing
Because of the hard row today he's hoeing,
Attempting to recapture rapture dy-ing—
So to your presence, Lady, I am hieing
To try to win again your pleased tee-heeing.
While the sun shone I did a lot of hay-ing.
No stag more bravely ever went a-doeing;
But now, I fear, 'twill take a bit of doing!

GELETT BURGESS.

Carolyn Wells Houghton (whose first two names have become famous for witty verse and clever detective stories) writes:

As to this Participle Comforting, I cannot feel that the vowel sequence ought to be mixed up. Owing to the nature of the end words, the lines cannot rime, but at least a sort of assonance might be attained by giving the vowels in their rightful order. As thus:

IN A CANOE

The boat rocked. Timid Sadie sat there, paling;
And with the sunburn her dear nose was peeling.
My troubles, too, upon me fast were piling,—
The craft would not obey paddling or poling;
We both felt just like whimpering or puling.
But when we found the dock and grasped the railing,
And went ashore safe, but with hunger reeling;
Our spirits ceased their rancor and their riling,
And merrily (our gait a trifle rolling),
We ruled to hunt some food,—I did the ruling.

Nor do I think anything but the macroned vowel should be used.

CAROLYN WELLS.

Next exhibit—a letter from *Gretna Green* herself, with no address and no hint as to who she really is:

Dear Rara Avis:

Thanks for letting my billet find a billet in your *Nest*. It deserved a bullet, but you generously gave me an *i* for an *i*—and a toot for a toot!

Your heart, I am enchanted to discover, is not altogether of Pyrex. It does melt in spots some times, doesn't it? If one could only discover the requisite degree of heat to apply, and work out a formula unfailing for all occasions—and columnists! I really must do some experimenting in my laboratory. Or mustn't I? Yours-in-a-quandary—

Ah, but besides this outburst of affection, see how quite another passion has been aroused in the breast of another anonymous lady!

Phoenix:

Who is this *Gretna Green* person who busts into your column so frequently? You seem to treasure her trivialest thoughts. Why are you never nice to me?

I'd like to pull this Gretna's hair—or her leg!

Jealous? Of course, I'm jealous.

Yours-in-a-huff,
THE FAT LADY OF THE TRIOLETS.

Also, from an "M T Bench in Union Square," *U. Q. Laily* writes to me as

Comrade Editor:

What's this counter-revolutionary PURPLE COOING stuff of *Gretna Green's* you're handing out to us red Union Squaredealers? Do you want to be put down for a pink LIBERAL? Don't think I bought your *Review* myself. Gretna was handing out copies to the boys in the Square today. She's a plump dame with a wide literary background. This poem is called—

MYSELF

I never heard a purple coo,
I never hope to hear one,
But I can tell you anyhoo,
I rather fear 'twon't cheer one!

Yours-for-a-speedy-revolution—

So you see that something has been started, it may even prove to be a revolution in verse! Now, so long as I am printing correspondence, *Mabel S. Merrill* writes me from Lisbon, Maine:

Perhaps it is rather late to mention it, but in the *Nest* of August 24 I noticed the bit of discussion over the phrase "heaven-high, hell-deep." The phrase occurs in the first stanza of Browning's 'Abt Vogler,' sixth line. I happened to remember it—it is so Browningesque.

I never miss reading the *Nest*. You have introduced me to some poets I might not have found without your help. The *SRL* is a boon when one lives in the country. No need of bothering with cities when you can get so well served at home.

A STORY OF NEW ENGLAND

"The spiritual biography of a woman in whom passion persisted," says the Herald Tribune of this fine new novel of modern married love . . . whose author, writes William Rose Benét, in The Saturday Review, is "a creator to be reckoned with" . . . who can, says the Times, "be intelligent and still shake the heart. . . ."

For Life

by Nathalie Colby, author of "Green Forest" $2.50

and published by Morrow

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The New Books

Fiction

THE WISH CHILD. By Ina Seidel. Translated by G. D. Gribble. Farrar & Rinehart. 1935. $2.75.

This is a book crammed full with all of the materials for a historical novel, yet empty of the skill and power that are necessary to a successful employment of that form. Set in the Europe of Napoleon, the story moves through Mainz and Berlin, through many drawing rooms and across many battlefields, giving us a great deal of the substance of those harried years but none of their spirit, nor the feel of their actual, living quality. This the historical novel must do if it is not to be a still-life. There is a well-handled development of the bond between two cousins brought up together, a sort of attraction-repulsion, polar relationship, that runs through the book and provides its best passages. This motif might have served to integrate the story, as it was meant to do, but there is too heavy a burden of unorganized material, pointless conversation, critical moments with no lift in them, characters and emotions that do not convince.

N. L. R.

THE SUN SETS IN THE WEST. Myron Brinig. Farrar & Rinehart. 1935. $2.50.

In this novel of a Montana mining town, there is no central character. The book is a kaleidoscope picture of the town itself, Copper City, and the bright shifting bits that compose it are made of the lives of many different people. Mr. Brinig has projected each one of these lives with sharpness and intensity; he has invested them with the richness of his exuberant and highly-colored temperament. Just as a painter has his individual palette, so Mr. Brinig's transcription of life is set down in colors peculiar to himself, hard, metallic colors, iridescent in the furnace light of his imagination. He gives us a cross-section of life in a mining town, but it is in no sense realism. The figures—storekeeper, business man, artist, miner, prostitute—that move so feverishly about the bleak streets, are all romantically simplified, heightened in light and darkness like figures in a poster. Their drama sometimes verges on melodrama, but in melodrama they are convincing, for Mr. Brinig has set them powerfully in motion. He shows us the springs that cause their actions, the fundamental forces, and the subtler, deflected passions that can actuate men and women. He has a curious understanding of human weaknesses, their variety and their strength. A rich old woman's secret vice of kleptomania, Leon Sandor's devotion to his store, Fanya Sandor's love for her tropical fish and macaws, young David's craving for books, Jim Hewett's communism, are hardly less urgent than Sage Turner's infatuation for a woman.

There is in this book a great deal of swarming, feverish life, but in spite of its superficial appearance of crude reality, it is life seen in an essentially literary way. It is life arranged to suit an author, not felt structurally, or informed by any great depth of understanding. The book, to be really impressive, should convey a sense of something less glancing than brilliantly shifting surfaces. Mr. Brinig has endeavored in certain figures to sound the obscurer depths of emotion, but all his shrewdness and sensitiveness are not enough. We are not convinced by his more serious characters.

C. C.

BLANDINGS CASTLE. By P. G. Wodehouse. Doubleday, Doran. 1935. $2.

With an amusing introduction, the sure-fire and vastly popular Mr. Wodehouse here gathers together certain stories centering around the inmates—it almost comes to that!—of Blandings Castle in England and those other strange inmates of Hollywood, California. First you learn all about the prize pumpkin, the inimitable Scotch gardener, how the noble scion of Blandings got married to the daughter of a wealthy American manufacturer of dog biscuits, and what therefrom befell, and how that famous porker, Empress of Blandings, was groomed for prize-winning. The hog-calling in that particular story is rich and rare. Also this reviewer particularly liked the story of how a certain female child from the village completely softened the horny heart of the Earl of Blandings at the yearly event when the estate was thrown open for the entertainment of the tenantry. The Hollywood stories have to do, in part, with a relative of the now famous Mr. Mulliner, who has had so many relatives whose lives have furnished so many extraordinary stories. No one today can spin the perfectly cuckoo yarn with the aban-

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don of the great P. G. He has forged an inimitable humorous style.

You should also read his introduction to ascertain how an author becomes an addict concerning certain characters of his creation until he cannot "either take them or leave them alone." Let us be glad that Mr. Wodehouse has become so addicted, in various instances, and may his road to any sort of reform in that direction prove impassable!

W. R. B.

THIS BED THY CENTRE. By Pamela Hansford Johnson. New York: Harcourt, Brace. 1935. $2.

What young love is like in a cheap London suburb is candidly disclosed in this book. The girl is restless—now fearful, now daring; the boy is angrily impatient and occasionally indiscreet. But out of the thick atmosphere of Haig Crescent Common, the local pub, and the corner revivalist meeting, their love rises fresh and shining to its consummation. This twenty-two-year-old author has touched the sensitive points of adolescence with all the sympathy of youth and sometimes a mature understanding.

But Miss Johnson is obviously afraid of being called sentimental, and, as if to dodge such an accusation, she dilates upon the vulgarity of "the neighborhood." While young love is sweetly simmering, the barmaid gets her man, the fancy lady loses hers, and the revivalist's daughter meets a shameful death. But even if the gin is raw, the drinks are cleverly mixed and there's syrup at the bottom of the glass.

D. P.

Miscellaneous

MODERN BURIED TREASURE HUNTERS. By Harold T. Wilkins. Dutton. 1935. $3.

Mr. Wilkins possesses the complete credulity, and gift for ignoring the true sequence of known historical events, which enable one to live in the fairy-tale world of buried treasure. His style of writing is occasionally irritating, but on the whole his book offers a number of hours of pleasant entertainment for imaginative and romantic people, or those who are glad to suspend the critical faculty and just drift. It's not a book to read right straight through, but pleasant to have handy, to dip into of a hot evening.

O. La F.

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF HAPPINESS. By Boris Sokoloff, M.D. Simon & Schuster. 1935. $2.

After a hundred years of world-rocking victories science seems suddenly to have retreated from its lofty altars and to have donned the robes of humility. Recently in book after book it has bowed to the accusations of its "limitations" with almost sheepish attempts to reconcile its findings with the wishful thinking of a tired humanity. These volumes are nearly always interesting and invariably comforting to man's ego. Now appears a Russian biologist—a White, not a Red, as truly poet as biologist—who urges us on to happiness by way of the endocrinal glands.

When Dr. Sokoloff writes about himself, or tells stories from out of his colorful experiences, he is always delightful; when he writes about physio-chemistry he is stimulating; but when he writes about happiness we confess that to us he has the irritating simplicity and banality of so many of the famous literary characters of pre-revolutionary Russia.

Happiness he analyzes in the first part of his book, as a sort of glandular product. One feels justified then in asking what we can do about it, since laboratory hormones are unequal to the trick. Certainly he makes it grimly clear that if you belong to the "bile-liver" type, of which Schopenhauer is the supreme example, the chances that you will be a cross to yourself and to your friends are almost one hundred percent. But Dr. Sokoloff having established his theory of our happiness-chemistry, blithely turns his back on all mere science and joyously proclaims the divine quality of the will. Apparently a diseased adrenal cortex can be made whole, if you will but train the emotions and subdue the intellect. (Yes, we know we seem to be going in circles since the emotions are dependent on the glands, but let us grant Dr. Sokoloff his poetic license.)

But although this book is often confused, illogical, badly organized, if you will read it with your critical sense in abeyance, you cannot fail to get a great deal of pleasure from it. And this, because on every page, one glimpses behind and through the writing a delightful personality. When such a man speaks we do well to listen to him, even though we may be conscious of reservations.

M. S. U. (M.D.)

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Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

VERA. By "Elizabeth." *Doubleday, Doran.*

ROMAN DAYS. By Percy Lubbock. *Scribners.*

THE SIGNATURE. OF PAIN. By Alan Porter. *Day.*

Ceylon

E. F. of Stockton, Calif., *wants the names of books from which she can gain information in regard to Ceylon. She already has Powell's* LAST HOME OF MYSTERY *and Kirtland's* FINDING THE WORTHWHILE IN THE ORIENT. *"Is there," she adds, "any fiction with this island for a background?"*

IN JUNGLE TIDE (Houghton Mifflin) John Still, who long lived in Ceylon, wrote an account of the island which contains much and varied information. He presents descriptions of the country, of the people and of their manners and customs, and adds much colorful folk lore. Harry A. Franck, that ubiquitous traveler, touches on Ceylon in his A VAGABOND JOURNEY AROUND THE WORLD (Appleton-Century), devoting pages 251 to 288 to it, and William Beebe in PHEASANT JUNGLES (Putnam) allots to it about the first thirty pages of his book. The title of W. W. Strickland's TRAVEL LETTERS FROM CEYLON, AUSTRALIA, AND SOUTH INDIA (Westermann) speaks for itself. If E. F. wants a textbook she might try either Laurence D. Stamp's ASIA (Dutton) or THE NEW GEOGRAPHY OF THE INDIAN EMPIRE AND CEYLON (Nelson), both of which accord space to the island. The latter especially contains much information. On the religion of the region she will find interesting material in Kenneth J. Saunders's STORY OF BUDDHISM (Oxford University Press).

As to novels I have found only a few. E. V. Lucas in DOWN THE SKY (Lippincott), a meandering sort of tale, more disquisition than story, carries his hero through various sections of England and finally to Ceylon. In A LOVE OFFENSIVE (London: Chatto) Fanny E. Penny uses Ceylon as background for the experiences of her war hero, an Englishman who has escaped from the Germans, and in THE VILLAGE IN THE JUNGLE (Harcourt, Brace) Leonard Woolf has successfully conveyed the malignancy of the jungle and the primitive passions of some of the natives.

Lyons and the Silk Industry

A. W. of San Francisco, *wishes information on Lyons and the silk industry.*

I was interested in turning to the Encyclopædia Britannica to discover two things: first, that despite the fact that the Britannica in the course of various editions has undergone a reshaping which has radically changed the amount of space accorded to various subjects, it still contains an article on silk so lengthy, so informative, and so many-facetted that it is an excellent introduction to the subject, and, second, that it includes, in addition to its entry on natural silk a long discussion of rayon, acetate, and other synthetic products. If I were A. W. I should read the Britannica articles on silk and on the city of Lyons before going to any other book, just by way of getting orientation on the subject; they make interesting reading, at any rate. Then, if she wishes to pursue her investigation further, she can turn to SILK AND THE SILK INDUSTRY (London: Constable), by Joseph Schober, an untechnical survey of the history of silk culture, spinning, weaving, and marketing, with a discussion of the relation between natural and artificial silk, or to the small volume in the excellent series of elementary studies of common commodities and industries which Pitman gets out, Hooper's SILK: ITS PRODUCTION AND MANUFACTURE. As to the city of Lyons, if A. W. wants more than the sort of account of its leading industry which she will find in a book such as Hugh Quigley's LAND OF THE RHONE: LYONS AND PROVENCE (Houghton Mifflin) she will have, I think, to turn to French publications such as J. Godart's L'OUVRIER EN SOIE: MONOGRAPHIE DU TISSEUR LYONNAIS, or the monographs put out by the Laboratory of Silk Study in Lyons.

Indian Books for Children

Elaine Goodale Eastman, whose books I should certainly have mentioned the other day, writes me:

> I have just read with interest your reply to a correspondent who asked for books about American Indians, for young people. May I comment?—since this subject is a major interest with me for fifty years. Dr. Eastman's INDIAN BOYHOOD, his first book, is a classic, but your second selection, FROM THE DEEP WOODS TO CIVILIZATION, is for the most part the story of his later experiences, not of Indian life. I would suggest instead OLD INDIAN DAYS and INDIAN HEROES AND GREAT CHIEFTAINS.
>
> George Bird Grinnell's many books are among the very best, though not written for children, and the fiction of J. W. Schultz is interesting and in the main authentic.
>
> My own YELLOW STAR, a story for girls 12-18, illustrated by an Indian artist, is still in some demand, though published twenty years ago by Little, Brown.

Hens

Carolyn B. Wright, apropos of K. C's request for references to hens which I published last week, says that she ought to know of "the famous Dorking fowl" in Cornelius Weygandt's "The Red Hills."

"The facts about a period wrapped in controversy"
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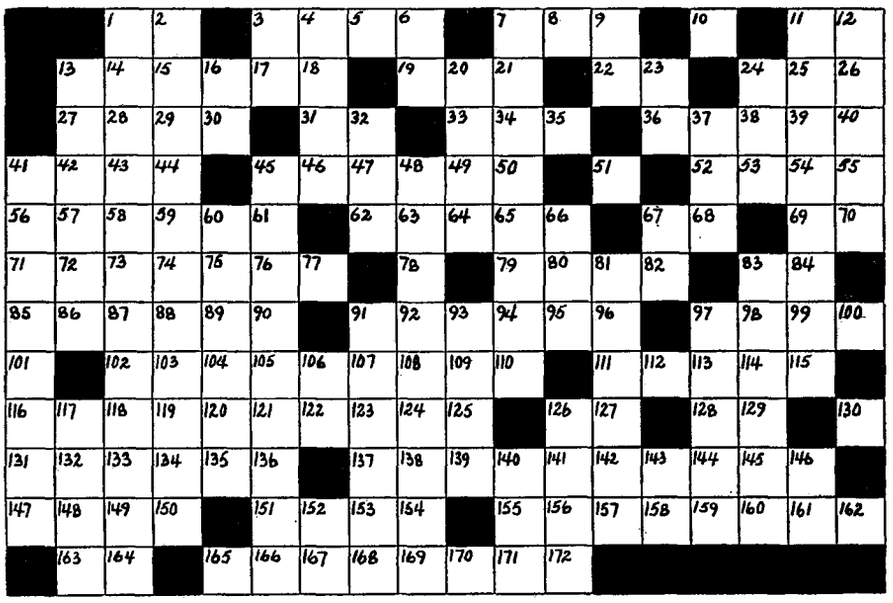
Double-Crostics: No. 79

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 15 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. Early Biblical musician.

II. Diplomatic policy in the East (2 words).

III. Fiery, impetuous.

IV. State of not knowing.

V. The blues.

VI. Performance between the acts.

VII. John Ridd's sweetheart.

VIII. Interjection of mild reproof or objection.

IX. Member of Sioux tribe.

X. "Mayd" in Old Ballad (2 words).

XI. Tear-jerking narrative (2 words).

XII. Genuine, of approved authority.

XIII. The architecture of the Alhambra.

XIV. Austrian physician and writer (1862-1931).

XV. Yield, product.

XVI. Promoting bodily growth.

XVII. Any item of value owned.

XVIII. Character in "Merchant of Venice."

XIX. Egg-shaped.

XX. Time of greatest brilliancy.

XXI. Object of passionate devotion.

XXII. Son of Adam; brother of Adam Bede.

XXIII. Common fraction.

XXIV. Impartial, unbiased.

XXV. Address.

WORDS

93 131 11 51 111

23 133 61 150 44 127 163 143

41 156 21 172 56 78 147 99 104

109 35 100 113 10 12 154 7 30

60 168 146 48 88 159 39

122 9 96 40 84 18 139 107 142

29 148 132 145 5

171 119 87 76 105 166

129 14 47 79 101

32 124 22 19 54 68 3 169

135 83 92 140 33 20 16 164

152 17 6 34 89 65 126 25 95

155 42 123 63 86 115 45

58 137 98 161 144 67 81 43 94 167

59 38 1 85 158 121

157 13 26 102 153 162 70 2 53 125

108 71 120 160 141

170 134 118 52 31

112 69 8 110 15

106 37 64 75

72 28 117 138

77 136 97 50

49 149 91 73 36 27 116 55 165

46 151 82 128 4 74 57 62 103 90

24 130 66 80 114

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

HOLIDAY HOUSE (225 Varick Street, N. Y. City) ventured by Theodore Johnson, Vernon Ives, Helen Gentry, issues good books for children. We like their announcement: "Not run on the principle that anything with animal pictures is a child's book." ☞If old Quercus ever had a daughter he would name her Tequila. ☞Quercus Minimus is always asking for the formula of Fish House Punch. See Fougner's *Along the Wine Trail* (Stratford Co., $2.50). ☞Speaking of tequila, Joseph Henry Jackson, the San Francisco *Chronicle's* talented book reviewer and broadcaster, leaves shortly to drive down the new Laredo-to-Mexico-City highway and hopes to find a book in the adventure. ☞Henry C. Tracy some years ago wrote an excellent book called *English as Experience* (Dutton), a really incandescent study of literature as a form of emotional excitement. Mr. Tracy was pleased by John Bennett's cry (Trade Winds, Sept. 7) for an Independent Order for Readers of Indiscretion. He says he's been trying to do just that for some time in his *Reader's News Service*, 2104 N. Las Palmas, Hollywood. This private monthly bulletin of advice he says is a "non-competing, uncommercial, unbought, uninfluenced organ of selection. At age one year it was exposed on the rocks like any Spartan infant . . . and refused to die. Please observe that at a year and a half it is still alive and becoming more so." ☞October 4 is the 400th anniversary of the publication of the first Bible in English (the Coverdale). The Univ. of Chicago Press marks the date by reissuing, in booklet form (50c) the original preface to the 1611 (King James) Bible, which has long and unaccountably been omitted from most editions. Dr. Edgar Goodspeed writes a preface to this famous preface. ☞Old Quercus hears with regret that Edwin F. Edgett, for more than 35 years literary editor of the Boston Transcript, has retired from that honored and arduous post. Mr. Edgett's keen conscience and fine taste have won him innumerable friends. ☞*Paths of Glory*, Humphrey Cobb's war novel, was due to begin its stage career at the Plymouth Theatre this week. ☞Page Cooper and Foster Gilman have opened shop as Literary Agents at 9 West 10th Street, New York City, and will be glad to hear from promissory young authors. ☞Lucy Goldthwaite, who was for seven years in the publicity department of Doubleday Doran, has joined the advertising staff of *Current History Magazine*. ☞Interested to note that an old favorite, *Ramona* by Helen Hunt Jackson, is now issued in a 75 cent reprint edition (Grosset and Dunlap) after 50 years of steady sales. *The Publishers' Weekly* says there have been 135 printings of the regular edition. ☞The always active Enoch Pratt Free Library of Baltimore will shortly celebrate its 50th anniversary. It is marking the fact by publishing several valuable books, notably a Bibliography of Coleridge compiled by Miss Kennedy and Miss Barton of the library's reference staff. This has been a labor of love of the editors for more than seven years.

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PERSONABLE YOUNG LADY (whatever that's supposed to mean), New York, has been ordered by doctor to take long walks. Her friends prefer riding. If some man over thirty could enjoy ambling along with her, the medicine would be less distasteful. Earnest Yosian nature-lovers with kits on their backs need not apply. Box 705-A.

DISCREET YOUNG WOMAN, Colonial descent, desires position in New York. Assets: Typing, shorthand, gift of thawing strangers. Liabilities: Fine musical education, knowledge of art, literature, flair for color and design. Box 706-A.

YOUNG WOMAN, teacher, writer, pianist, seeks part-time position, suburbs New York preferred. Box 707-A.

EX-SEMINARIAN, Catholic, 33, A.B., 3 years theology, 2 years teaching, side-tracked. Work? What? Where? Anything! Box 708-A.

MUSICIAN, young man, age 28. graduate Royal Academy of Music, Rome, Italy, also studied in Paris and Berlin, well versed, Arts and Letters, desires position as companion and teacher of piano and languages. Well acquainted with European people and customs. Will travel Europe and act as guide or chaperon. References. Box 709-A.

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WOULD A PHILADELPHIAN like to store baby grand or nice upright with musician for the winter? Address Elizabeth Flanders, 215 West Walnut Lane, Germantown.

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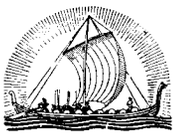

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